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## THE LOLLARDS AT LAMBETH PALACE.

INTERIOR OF THE LOLLARDS' PRISON.



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PRISON, ADJOINING THE LODGE.

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### THE LOLLARDS AT LAMBETH PALACE.

Few of the ancient edifices of this kingdom are more richly stored with historical associations, than the venerable archiepiscopal palace of Lambeth. This is attested by a somewhat copious description of the building, and a summary of remarkable occurrences there, both which will be found in the fifth volume of this *Miscellany*.\* In bad times, when fanaticism and rebellion warred against common interests, many a disgraceful scene has been enacted by popular tyrants within these hallowed walls; as in the murder of Archbishop Sudbury by the Essex insurgents in Wat Tyler's riot; and the conversion of the chapel into a dancing-room, by Colonel Scott, on the dissolution of Charles I. Happily, the Lambeth annals abound with records of more pacific character. Thus, we find that many of the archbishops expended considerable sums in enlarging the palace and refitting it, so as to render this ancient structure not only convenient and comfortable, but worthy of being the residence of the primate of all England; and one of the most munificent items in this expenditure was Archbishop Juxon's rebuilding the great hall, which Colonel Scott had demolished; these splendid repairs costing 10,500*l*. Again, the palace has a host of minor curiosities, interesting to the antiquary and lover of art; as its numerous specimens of painted glass, with effigies of saints, arms of the prelates, and old English verses. Next, the fine open roofs of the hall and guard-chamber; the mantled carving of the long gallery; the portraits of the archbishops from Laud to Cornwallis, showing the gradual change in the clerical dress, in bands and wigs, not forgetting the large ruff in place of the former; and Tillotson's first wig, unpowdered, and not unlike the natural hair. Then, the library, with its fine picture of Canterbury cathedral; prints of all the archbishops from Warham to the present time; of the principal reformers from popery, and of eminent nonconformist ministers; the Mohawk translation of the Liturgy of the church of England; and the 11,000 manuscripts over the library of printed books. And, what visiter can forget the shell of Laud's tortoise, which was killed at the good age of six score years; and the noble Marzelles fig-tree, planted by Cardinal Pole.

That portion of the Palace known as the *Lollards' Tower* may, however, be referred to as more directly associated with history than any part of the edifice yet named. The Lollards† will be remembered in our history as a numerous sect, whose powerful preaching produced an extensive reformation in religious opinion in the fourteenth century.

\* Pages 81—84—117—118.

† Named from their low tone of singing, (in German *Lullen*;) at interments.

Their aberrations of opinion from other sects of the same period were, perhaps, few; while they all concurred in detestation of the established church. They endured severe persecutions with a sincerity and firmness which, in any cause, ought to command respect; but, in general, we find an extravagant fanaticism among them. Mr. Hallam well observes that "their virtues were by no means free from some unsocial qualities, in which, as well as in their superior abilities, the Lollards bear a very close resemblance to the Puritans of Elizabeth's reign; a moroseness that proscribed all cheerful amusements, an uncharitable malignity that made no distinction in condemning the established clergy, and a narrow prejudice that applied the rules of the Jewish law to modern institutions. Some of their principles were far more dangerous to the good order of society, and cannot justly be ascribed to the Puritans, though they grew afterwards out of the same soil." The Lollards numbered among them many eminent followers of Wicliffe; though, as Mr. Hallam continues, "the above extravagances do not belong to the learned and politic Wicliffe; however they might be adopted by some of his enthusiastic disciples. Fostered by the general ill-will towards the church, his principles made vast progress in England, and, unlike those of earlier sectaries, were embraced by men of rank and civil influence. Notwithstanding the check they sustained by the sanguinary law of Henry IV., it is highly probable that multitudes secretly cherished them down to the era of the Reformation."

As the violence of the Lollards was thus directed against the church, we might expect to find its high seat the prime scene of defence. Accordingly, the registers of Lambeth Palace, or rather of the See of Canterbury, record several proceedings against this sect. Even Wicliffe himself is said to have been examined before delegates, in the chapel at Lambeth. Foremost among the defenders of the church was Archbishop Arundell, in the reigns of Richard II., Henry IV., and Henry V.; and it is presumed that his influence much contributed to pass the horrible law referred to above.‡

‡ Hist. Mid. Ages, lib. p. 477.

§ This statute condemns to be burnt all who, being convicted before the diocesan of falling into heresy, shall either refuse to abjure their impious errors, or relapse into them after previous abjuration. This persecution was formally carried into effect by a process *de heretico comburendo*, which necessarily issued upon a certificate of obstinate or relapsed heresy by the diocesan, and which commanded the sheriff or other local magistrate to commit the offender against the Divine Majesty to the flames. In the reigns of both the Henries, considerable numbers thus suffered death. The first sufferer, William Sawtre, was executed in 1410. But Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, was the most conspicuous of the first heretics, or, in other words, of the first who preferred death to insincerity, under the new law for

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If Arundell merits the stigma of "the fiercest persecutor of the Lollards," his successor, Archbishop Chicheley has left a more substantial memorial of his conduct towards this sect, in the "Lollards' Tower," at Lambeth, which he built in the years 1434 and 1435. It is a large pile of stone building, deriving its name from the small prison within it, hereafter to be described. The first apartment in this Tower is the Post-room, which has been so denominated from a large post or pillar, that supports the great timbers of the roof, and forms a kind of vestibule to the chapel. From the Post-room the ascent to the Lollards' prison is by a narrow spiral stone staircase, the steps of which are much worn, and fill the mind with gloomy retrospections of the many victims that must have contributed to this decay. It is entered by a little, pointed, stone doorway, barely sufficient for one person to pass at a time; which doorway has an inner and outer door of strong oak, thickly studded with iron, and fastenings to correspond. Fastened to the wainscot which lines the walls are eight large iron nails, firmly fixed: three being three on the south side, four on the west side, and one on the north side. The wainscot, the ceiling, and every part of this chamber, is entirely lined with oak, nearly an inch and a half in thickness.\* It has two very small windows, narrowing outwards; one to the west, the other to the north. A small chimney is on the north part; and, upon the sides are various scratches, half sentences, initials, and in one or two places a crucifix, cut out with a knife, or some other sharp instrument, by the prisoners who are supposed to have been confined here.

The letters are in the old English character, and, in general, made so rudely as to be not easily deciphered. Dr. Ducarel has endeavored to put together the following sentences; but his interpretation is considered far from correct.

*Deo sit gratiarum (gratiarum) actio petit Jongnanham.  
Jhe and John Fyocke Barbur and scandelar*

burning heretics. His rank and military reputation enhanced, in some respects, his merit, and gave more efficacy to the example of his martyrdom. Henry V. laboured to soften Cobham's determination; and it was only after his courageous refusal that he was abandoned to Archbishop Arundell, the fiercest persecutor of the Lollards. Cobham was tried, convicted, and condemned, but escaped from his prison; he was retaken, and, in 1417, executed under the assumed authority of the archbishop and his provincial synod, that Oldcastle was an incorrigible heretic. (*abridged chiefly from Mackintosh.*) Soon after passing the sentence, an inflammation in the throat speedily put an end to Arundell's life. This incident, with a pardonable degree of superstition considering the times, the Lollards transformed into a special judgment.

\* The entrance doorway of this room is five feet and a-half high, 21 inches wide, and 1 ft. 7 in. deep. The prison itself is 12 feet long, 9 feet wide, and 8 feet high. The windows are 2 ft. 4 in. high, and 1 ft. 2 in. wide, within side; and about half the dimensions on the outside.

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*Jhe cyppe me out of all compene ameen  
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The avit—Austin—John Worth  
Chessam Doctor—Nosee te ips'm  
Farley—the—John (Johan) Fyocke  
Pierre Amaekki, (John York.)*

Beneath the annexed view of the interior of this apartment is engraved a fac-simile of the greater part of this writing, with the several marks and characters, from which the reader can form his own conclusions.

Not only was Lambeth palace thus employed for the punishment of ecclesiastical offenders; for Queen Elizabeth appropriated it also as a state-prison: besides committing the two popish prelates, Tunstall and Thirlshy, to the custody of the archbishop, her majesty imprisoned here other persons of rank. Here the Earl of Essex was confined before he was sent to the Tower. It was usual for the prisoners to be kept in separate apartments, and to eat at the archbishop's table.

Of the expense of building the Lollards' Tower, a record exists; each item being set down in the *computus ballivorum*, or steward's accounts of the year. By these it appears that the building cost Archbishop Chicheley, in the whole, 278*l.* 2*s.* 11*d.* Every foot in height, including the whole circumference, cost 13*s.* 4*d.* for the work. The iron-work used about the windows and doors amounted to 1,322*½* lbs. in weight, at three-halfpence per pound, to 10*l.* 14*s.* 11*d.*; and 3,000 bricks were used for stopping the windows between the chapel and that tower. On the exterior west side is a tabernacle, or niche, in which was placed the image of St. Thomas à Becket, which image cost 13*s.* 4*d.* A bricklayer and a tiler's wages were then by the day, with victuals, 4*d.*, without victuals, 6*d.* or 6*d.*; a labourer's with victuals, 3*d.*, without victuals, 3*d.* But most of this Tower was built by the gross, or, as the computers call it, the great.

Another memorial of religious persecution, the subject of the second engraving, remains to be noticed. This is a small apartment adjoining the porter's lodge, and supposed to have been anciently used as a secondary prison for confining the overflowings of the Lollards' Tower.† This room contains three strong iron rings fastened in the wall, and which have evidently remained there from its first erection. It is guarded by a double door: the windows are high and narrow, and the walls, which are lined with stone, are of prodigious thickness. An additional proof of the ancient appropriation of this room is, that here is the same description of writing as in the Lollards' Tower, cut in the wall. The

† Brayley's *Londiniana*, iii. 328.

‡ It is very probable that such was the use of this prison; though it must not be forgotten that dungeons occur in several old mansions; and in these the lord or master was accustomed to confine his refractory servants.

name of Grafton, in the old English character, is perfectly legible; and near to it are to be seen a cross and other figures rudely delineated. On the right side of the page is seen the entrance door-way to this dreary prison.

The annexed engravings have been reduced from a folio Description of Lambeth Palace, published by Messrs. Herbert and Brayley, in the year 1806.

### THE HONOURABLE MRS. NORTON.

THE poetry of Mrs. Norton comes on the sense like a sweet, low, mournful strain of music, heard from some garden, or woody knoll, in a calm summer twilight; not startling or astonishing with bursts of high enthusiasm, but soothing the heart with sadly-pleasing dreams. She is the poetess of the affections,—of high-toned feeling, and lofty sentiment. She unravels with delicate tact, the sources of those emotions of mind which bring into play the better part of our nature, and, denizens as we are, of this toilsome earth of dust and clay, keep alive the memory of our higher destination. She is in poetry, as Mrs. Opie was in prose, the mistress of that fine and strictly feminine art, of unfolding the minute and tenderly sensitive feelings, which, fine as the gossamer's wing in their texture, pass unobserved, or are rudely torn, by contact with this "working-day world." Graceful as herself, her images are redolent of the sweet memories of early youth, of flowers, of birds of beauty, of unworn and unworldly feeling; she has no communion with the hard, dry details of matter-of-fact existence,—with the cold realities of this nether world—with what Ossian calls "the dark, brown years which bring no joy on their wing." Her name is associated with thoughts that "lie too deep for tears," or with "tears so pleasant, you would long to weep such pleasant tears for ever!" The *Sorrows of Rosalie*, and, of her minor productions, *Mona Water*, are perhaps the happiest efforts of her muse, in which, if she does not soar high enough to bring down breathing thoughts and burning words from the lofty heights of Parnassus, at least she culls from the green sides, and by the fount of Helicon, sweet flowers of poetry, which "ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears." Of stern and most unenviable stuff must that heart be made, which could be unmoved over the tragedy of *Mona Water*. Well is the perfect submission of a vassal described under the iron sway of a feudal chief, when liberty and life were at the command of the liege lord. The boy, a widow's only son, is despatched across the stormy water to bring back letters of import:—

The orphan boy leapt lightly in,  
Bold was his eye, and brow of beauty,

And bright his smile, as thus he spoke,  
"I do but pay a vassal's duty."

Wild burst the wind, wide flapp'd the sail,  
A crashing peal of thunder followed,  
The gust swept o'er the water's face,  
And caverns in the deep lake hollowed!

The gust swept past, the waves grew calm,  
The thunder died along the mountain;  
But where was he who used to play,  
On sunny days by Mona's fountain?

His cold corpse floated to the shore,  
Where knelt his lone and shrieking mother,  
And bitterly she wept for him,  
The widow's son who had no brother!

She raised his arm, the hand was closed,  
With pain the stiffened fingers parted,  
And on the sand those letters dropp'd,  
His last dim thought—the faithful hearted!

The remorseful chief offers gold; but the bitterness of despair gives a cutting irony to her reply:

"Will gold bring back the cheerful voice,  
That used to win my heart from sorrow;  
Will silver warm this frozen blood,  
Or make my heart less lone to-morrow?"

The chieftain's daughter is struck with a mortal disorder, which was believed, (in the remote region where this tragic scene, as the author was told, really took place) to be a judgment from heaven on his tyranny. In few words, a picture is presented of one hastening fast to the "land o' the leel:—

Her step fell on the old oak floor,  
As noiseless as the snow shower's drifting,  
And from her sweet and serious eyes,  
Seldom they saw the dark lid lifting.

The frail heroine, Rosalie, is made, as the just and certain consequence of her error, "to start and agonize at every pore," when the silent scorn of virtue passes by. She watches from her window a village wedding—the bride casts her eyes upon Rosalie, but,

Some grave matron walking by her side,  
Whispered her, slowly she withdrew her eyes  
With a sad farewell glance of pity and surprise.

Oh there was something in her pitying look,  
Mingled with dread, that thrill'd my heart with pain.

My proud and sinful spirit could not brook  
To see those gay ones as their way they took,  
With half-suppressed contempt in every eye.  
Tear after tear in vain away I shook,  
As all with downcast glance went slowly by,  
As if they felt, not saw, some evil thing was nigh!

Intercourse with fashionable life, in general considered so injurious to unsophisticated feeling, has not yet robbed Mrs. Norton of the fresh and lively perception of moral beauty, which constitutes her poetry, if not of the first order, at least of that class which softens and amends the heart, and from which we rise sadder but better. Let her persevere in eliciting all holy affections, and may she write "no line which dying, she will wish to blot."

ANNE R.—

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## Manners and Customs.

## THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

[We quote our promised selection from that chapter of Mr. Wilkinson's *General View of Egypt*, which briefly notices the manners and customs of the ancient inhabitants of this interesting country; deduced by the indefatigable author from a comparison of the sculptures of the tombs of Thebes, and other parts of Egypt, with the accounts given by ancient authors.]

*Private Houses.*—The houses of the Egyptians were of crude brick, stuccoed within and without, and divided into a series of apartments, which seem to have been arranged according to the will or taste of each individual, without any fixed plan established by the regulations of the priesthood.

Unnecessary prodigality, and worldly display of riches, were censured as the offspring of arrogance and impiety; but the temples of the gods, the palace of the king, and the abodes of their pontiffs, comprehended within the same precincts which protected their sacred persons and commanded the respect of the people, were adorned with all that superstitious arts could devise, or despotism compel man to execute.\* Ponderous blocks formed those walls, which as a temple commanded their religious awe,—as an impregnable fortress their submission; and their national vanity was flattered by the subjects and execution of the sculptures and the grandeur of the monuments themselves. Not so their private mansions; crude bricks, a revenue to the government,† were deemed sufficient for the pretensions of the other classes; and the apparent moderation of the priests, who also possessed similar dwelling places, independent of their apartments in the temples, would necessarily silence any murmur which the discontented might venture to express. These houses, whose construction differed according to circumstances, consisted frequently of a ground-floor and an upper story, with a terrace, cooled by the air, which a wooden *mûlquf*‡ conducted down its slope.

\* It is perhaps with reason that Voltaire considers the pyramids monuments of tyrannical power. Herodotus would lead us to suppose they were erected contrary to the will of the sacerdotal order, which is highly improbable. The very great difference between the style of their houses and the temples or public buildings would indicate a proportionate disparity in the condition of the people.

† They were stamped with the king's or with a possessor's name, and were government property. Thus the Jews were compelled to make bricks for the king, not for a stated time, but during their whole reign, and after the building of Pithom and Raameses.

‡ They are used throughout the East at the present day, on the summits of the houses. They are constructed of a number of planks, nailed together side by side on transverse beams, forming a shelving roof facing and open to the wind, with one or both sides closed, and of similar materials. They are frequently only of reeds stuccoed.

The entrance, either at the corner or centre of the front, was closed by a door of a single or double valve, and the windows had shutters of a similar form. Sometimes the interior was laid out in a series of chambers, encompassing a square court, in whose centre stood a tree or a font of water. Many were surrounded by an extensive garden, with a large reservoir for the purpose of irrigation; lotus flowers floated on the surface, rows of trees shaded its banks, and the proprietor and his friends frequently amused themselves there by angling, or by an excursion in a light boat towed by his servants.

Houses of a more extensive plan, besides a garden, or spacious court, which inclosed them, were furnished with large propylæa and false obelisks,§ and imitated the distribution of the parts of a temple.

The cellars occupied a part of the ground floor; and the sitting rooms, for the entertainment of their guests, were sometimes on the upper story, or on a level with the courtyard. Their granaries were generally in the outhouses, and their roofs, like many of the houses|| themselves, formed of crude brick vaults, attest the invention of the arch from the earliest times into which Egyptian sculpture has given us an insight.

The courtyard of the larger mansions was surrounded by a strong wall, defended and ornamented with a row of battlements, or spikes, ranged along its summit, and furnished with two or more gateways, with folding doors, the name of the person to whom they belonged being frequently inscribed either on the lintels or impostes.

*Gardens.*—The garden was divided into the vineyard, orchard, date and *dom*¶ grove, besides the flower-garden, intersected by walks, shaded with rows of various trees, trimmed (apparently) into a rounded form.\*\*

The vineyard was one of the principal objects of their care, and was watered by the pole and bucket (the *shadoof* of the present day), or by pails filled from the tank, and carried by a yoke †† on men's shoulders.

These, indeed, and the foot-machine,‡‡ were the principal and almost sole modes of irrigation.

§ They were painted to imitate granite. An instance of this may be seen in the columns and doorways at Beni Haasan. The Egyptians were noted for their fictitious woods and glass imitations of precious stones. I have seen some clever specimens of both. Their use of jewels is mentioned in the Bible, and the skill requisite for making the molten calf argues the advancement already made in art.

|| Some of the roofs were no doubt supported by rafters of palm and other wood, an imitation of which may be seen in a grotto cut in the scarp rock behind the second pyramid of Gizeh. The invention of the arch was, in all probability, owing to the great deficiency of wood in Egypt.

¶ The *Cucifera Thebaica*.

\*\* This may be from their mode of representing a tree.

†† Exactly similar to that used by our milkmen.

‡‡ If they really had a water-wheel turned by the foot, as is supposed from Philo's account.

gation,\* as well in their gardens as the fields, and reflect no small disgrace on the character of the priesthood. Men who could invent machinery for the transport and erection of the stupendous blocks of ponderous granite which still remain to attest their ingenuity, could not be ignorant of a much less laborious mode of irrigation than mere manual labour.† They were remarkable for their learning, and for their skill in every branch of science, and therefore, however I feel inclined to admire the sage institutions and well-known wisdom of the Egyptian priests, I cannot but blame such marked neglect of the comforts of their people on these occasions.‡

Much taste was frequently displayed in the mode of dressing their vines, which, trained over rafters supported by low columns, formed a series of shady avenues, and afforded, at the same time, great facility for gathering the ripened clusters. Nor were they neglected at that season by the superintendants of the vintage; and boys were constantly employed to frighten away the birds with a sling and the sound of the voice.

*Wine.*—Their wine-press was of two kinds: in one, consisting of a large trough, the grapes were pressed by the feet; the other was a machine composed of levers, twisting and compressing a sack which contained the fruit; the juice, in both, discharging itself into a capacious vase beneath. The wine, was preserved in amphoræ, ranged along the walls in cellars, as at Pompeii and in ancient Greek houses; and, from the presence of a resinous sediment at the bottom of their broken fragments, now found at Thebes, we may conclude that the Egyptian wine partook of the flavour common to that of the Greek islands.

Wine was universally used by the rich throughout Upper and Lower Egypt;§ and beer, as we learn from Herodotus,|| was also made (probably for the consumption of the common people) in those parts where the land, suited to the culture of corn, could not

\* A sort of water-wheel or hydraulic screw seems afterwards to have been introduced.—Strabo, xvii.; and Diod. i. 34.

† "Egypt" \* where thou sowest thy seed and watered it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs."—Deut. xi. 10.

‡ Much benefit would have ultimately accrued both to themselves and the country by the substitution of machinery for manual labour; though it was not so perceptibly required in Egypt then as at present, owing to the greater population of the country under the Pharaohs.

§ The process is represented in the tombs throughout the country, from the pyramids to the extremity of Upper Egypt. Anthylla and Mæreotis were also famed for their wines, which, from finding (besides that of the upper country) the "wine of the North" among offerings at Thebes, appear to have been exported to the Thebaid. Wine was also made of other fruits. Plin. lib. xiv. c. 16. He praises the Sebaste wine, lib. xiv. c. 7.

|| Herod. ii. 77; and Strabo, lib. xvii., who also calls it Zythus. Vide also Diod. i. 34.

be spared for extensive plantations of the vine. For since the historian states that in the corn country "they have no vines, and drink beer" instead of wine, while the sculptures prove them to have been grown throughout Egypt, and neither Diodorus nor Strabo seems to confine the use of beer to any particular part of Egypt, we are forced, in order to reconcile these authorities, to admit that though wine was *universally* used by the rich, the poorer classes were obliged, in the corn country, to be contented with the more ordinary drink the produce of their fields afforded them. "Nor was the beverage," says Diodorus, "which they prepared from barley much inferior, in point of flavour, to the juice of the grape;" and a grateful acidity was imparted to it by the lupin and an Assyrian root.¶

*Food.*—Beans, the abhorrence of the priesthood, were no doubt grown in Egypt from a very early period, but did not probably constitute, as at present, the chief food of the lower orders. Herodotus makes them at once an *indigenous* plant of the Nile (in which he is not supported by fact) when he asserts, that "they were *never sown* in the country, but if they grew *spontaneously* they neither formed an article of food, nor even, if cooked, were they eaten by the Egyptians." This aversion, which originated in a supposed sanitary regulation, did not, however, preclude their cultivation; and whether we admit or reject the testimony of Diodorus, who says that *some* only abstained from their use, no religious prejudice would forbid their being given to camels or other cattle. That the priests may have considered themselves bound by a superstitious feeling to avoid them as impure, may easily be credited, and similar sanitary precautions forbade them to indulge in the fish both of the ocean and the Nile; in onions, and what was still more obnoxious, the meat of swine. But these rules were confined to the sacerdotal order; nor was even the swine, if we can believe Plutarch, prohibited to the other Egyptians at all times.

Fish, indeed, constituted a very great part of their food, and every one, excepting those of the priestly caste, was obliged by his religion to eat once a year, on the 9th of Thoth, a fried fish before the door of his house. Such, too, was probably the case with beans; and the sole fact of their not having been sacred, at once points out that their prohibition did not extend to all the Egyptians. But the *mysterious* abhorrence in which they were held by the priesthood was even imparted to some of the strangers they initiated, and the notions of Pythagoras on this and many

¶ The seeds of this plant had been introduced from Assyria into Egypt, where it was cultivated for this purpose. Columella, lib. x. v. 113. He also speaks of Pelusiac beer, or zythus.

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other subjects\* were unquestionably drawn from his study of the philosophy of Egypt.

*Sports of the Field.*—The chase of the hippopotamus was mostly an amusement, though it was sometimes† taken for the sake of its hide, which was used for shields, as by the modern Ethiopians.

The mode of attacking and securing the hippopotamus appears to have been very similar to that now adopted about Sennâr. It was first entangled by a running noose, at the extremity of a long line wound upon a reel, and then struck by the spear of the chasseur. This weapon consisted of a broad, flat blade, furnished with a deep tooth, or barb, at the side, having attached to its upper end a strong rope of considerable length, running over the notched summit of a wooden shaft, which was inserted in the head or blade, like a common javelin. It was thrown of course in the same manner; but on striking, the shaft fell, and the iron head alone remained in the body of the animal, which, on receiving a wound, plunged into deep water, the rope having been immediately let out. When fatigued by exertion, the hippopotamus was dragged to the boat, from which it again plunged, and the same was repeated till it became perfectly exhausted; frequently receiving additional wounds, and being entangled by other nooses, which the attendants held ready, as it was brought within their reach.

\* Did not Pythagoras borrow his ideas of the solar system (revived by Copernicus) from the Egyptians?

† Its medicinal properties are mentioned by Pliny, *xviii. 8*. It is no longer a native of Egypt, though common in upper Ethiopia. The crocodile is confined to the latitude south of Manfaloot. Egypt produces two varieties of this animal, distinguished by the number and position of the scales on the neck. One has the front row composed of six scales, behind which is a cluster of four large central scales in two lines, with two smaller ones on each side of the upper of these lines; the other has in the front row four only, and the disposition of the other eight is thus: four central scales in two lines, with one smaller one on each side of the upper line, and two behind the second or lower line. The first row of the body consists of six scales, the former variety having only four. The other scales of the body are nearly alike in both. They do not exceed eighteen or nineteen feet, though travellers have mentioned some of stupendous size. Pliny says "Magnitudine excedit plerumque duodeviginti cubita;" a later author gives them forty feet; and a recent traveller at least fifty or sixty; by which it might be inferred they continue to increase in length. I have heard them called alligators. It is scarcely necessary to observe that they differ from that species by the nose being much less broad and round at the end. The glands beneath the arm afford musk.

islands, of which so little, comparatively speaking, is hitherto known:—

Though the alligators are not uncommon in the Laguna, and do the inhabitants much injury, attacking horses, cows, and men, it is very remarkable that they never venture to meddle with the great buffaloes, which, in general on account of the heat, live the whole day in the lake. These buffaloes are every where seen near the shores of the lake, with only a part of the head, the very large ears, and the formidable horns, above the water. They appear to be aboriginal in the Philippines, at least, we do not find any mention of their having been introduced by the Spaniards. They are of enormous size, their horns from four to five feet long, with a space of five feet from tip to tip. They are almost entirely black, with scarcely any hair, have no dewlap, and are undoubtedly a different species from those in and about Canton. They are employed for draught and other agricultural purposes. The Indians ride on them. They are very gentle when not provoked or frightened, and suffer little children to guide them.

We saw great numbers of monkeys; they are often found without tails, which, when driven by extreme hunger, they are said to bite off.

Having collected a large number of plants, especially lichen and *jungermannia*, we left the island of Talim, to proceed to the little islands of Panician and Labujo, situated at a short distance from Talim. The weather, meanwhile, changed, and the rain fell in torrents; and, by the time we reached the island of Panician, which was covered with most luxuriant vegetation, it was impossible to effect a landing anywhere. We had observed, at some distance, large, pear-shaped bodies, which we at first took for birds or ants' nests, suspended from the lofty trees that overhung the shores of this little island. The people on the shore called to us to fire into the trees, as these supposed birds' nests were nothing less than the gigantic bats, known by the name of the flying dogs. We accordingly fired several shots at these thick masses, and the horrible creatures rose, with much exertion and frightful cries, into the air, several of them falling down dead, and others remaining suspended from the branches. The large hooks with which their wings and feet are furnished, enable them to cling firmly. They generally double themselves up in a pear-shaped form, and laying hold of the branches with their hooks, their whole body is thus wrapped up in their wings. We rowed round the island, and, after repeated shots, brought the whole multitude that inhabits the woods into confusion. Notwithstanding the heavy rain, our party made a dreadful slaughter among them, and never did the use of the percussion-guns ap-

## The Naturalist.

### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

(From Dr. Meyen's *Voyage round the World*.)

The following are some additional particulars relative to the natural history of these

pear to us more advantageous than on the present occasion. Such of the bats as had been shot at and fell into the water, dived as soon as we attempted to take them up, and thus we obtained only those which were shot dead upon the spot, and had fallen into the lake. After the whole body, consisting of, perhaps, 160,000, had risen into the air, and filled the neighbourhood with their hideous cries, they returned and flew to the adjacent island of Labujo. The vermilion eyes of this animal, its large and hideous form, together with its frightful scream, render it one of the most disgusting creatures on the face of the earth. We shot several which measured four feet from tip to tip of the extended wings. They live entirely on fruits, and, as they travel in such immense numbers, they cause considerable damage to the farmer: plantains, mangoes, and guavas, to the crop of which the labourer has looked forward for months, frequently disappear in one night.

On entering the wood, we found a large fig-tree, the fruit of which covered the ground a foot deep, and on which some hogs had just been feasting. Near it stood lofty oaks, with oval and pointed leaves, very smooth, resembling parchment, and small, broad acorns, the cups of which were very rough: it was undoubtedly a new species of *quercus*, but the time of blossom was already quite past. We came to an old, large tree, about six or seven feet in diameter, from the trunk of which, about a foot above the ground, issued a spring of cool (19° R), and particularly good water. The Indians, who cannot account for this singular phenomenon, regard the spring as sacred, and have hung near it a vessel made of the bamboo cane, out of which every one who passes takes a draught of the water.

One of the greatest curiosities which the woods of the island of Luçon offer, is the leech, which we met with in the region of the arborecent ferns. It forms a new species, which we call *sanguisuga tagalla*, smaller than our official leech, broad, of a yellowish brown colour, and the upper part marked with small, irregular, black spots, and a fine black stripe running lengthwise down the back. This leech is blood-thirsty, but its bite leaves very small marks, on which account it would be much preferred in Europe to those now in use. Before we had observed them, they got into our boots and began biting us: we felt the pain, but thought we had been bitten by ants, till, at last, our boots being filled with blood, our attention was aroused. We brought home two of them in spirits of wine. However fabulous this account of leeches living on trees may appear, it is, nevertheless, correct; and we must learn to believe that there are leeches which can live in damp air, just as

*conferæ* are known to be generated in a moist atmosphere—a circumstance which the celebrated Swedish writer on *Algæ* could not comprehend, and was uncourteous enough to declare to be a falsehood.

#### CHANGE IN THE COLOUR OF THE CHAMELEON:

A new theory of this phenomenon is given in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, for October, 1834, by H. Milne Edwards, Esq. The author details the phenomena which he had had an opportunity of observing in two chameleons living, and the results of his researches, after the animals had died, on the structure of their skin and the parts immediately beneath it. His conclusions are these:—

1st, That the change in the colour of chameleons does not depend essentially either on the more or less considerable swelling of their bodies, or the changes which might hence result on the condition of their blood or of their circulation; nor does it depend on the greater or less distance which may exist between the several cutaneous tubercles; although it is not to be denied that these circumstances probably exercise some influence upon the phenomenon.

2dly, That there exists in the skin of these animals two layers of membranous pigment, placed the one above the other, but arranged in such a way as to appear simultaneously under the scarf-skin, and sometimes so that the one may conceal the other.

3dly, That every thing remarkable in the changes of colour which manifest themselves in the chameleon may be explained by the appearance of the pigment of the deeper layer, to an extent more or less considerable, in the midst of the pigment of the superficial layer, or from its disappearance underneath this layer.

4thly, That these displacements of the deeper pigment can in reality occur; and it is probably a consequence of them that the chameleon's colour changes during life, and may continue to change even after death.

5thly, That there exists a close analogy between the mechanism by the help of which the changes of colour appear to take place in these reptiles, and that which determines the successive appearance and disappearance of coloured spots in the mantles of several of the cephalopode mollusca.

#### The Public Journals.

GILBERT GURNET—MORE OF DALY'S FUN.

[HERE is another specimen of Daly's practical joking. The scene is at Lady Wolverhampton's—a masquerade—"a fête after a new fashion—live fish in the drawing-room, and a cow on the staircase." Gilbert wears

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a masque and domino, but Daly appears in the early part of the evening as a Jew-boy, selling macaroon cakes, his man having sprinkled in with his sugar certain powders, which, however salutary taken now and then, are not usually administered in a ball-room.]

When we approached the mansion, a string of carriages checked our advance—noise and confusion were heard on every side—the lashing of coachmen's whips—the loud hawling of constables and Bow-street officers—the laughs of the congregated groups, as some grotesque character stepped across the *trottoir* into the house—the distant clang of cymbals, and the beat of drums, which came wafted on the air from her ladyship's hall—all combined to whet the appetite for action, and it seemed an hour before we found our worthy No. 225 opposite the entrance to the mad scene of brilliancy and fun. Out I stepped—I created no visible sensation amongst the throng; but when Daly stepped out with his beard and bundle, which, much to my horror, developed itself in the form of a basket full of "macaroon cakes," the surrounding crowd cried out "Moses, give us a cake," "I say, Mosey," and indeed diverted themselves so much at his expense, that I almost wondered he did not favour them with a taste of his stock.

If the confusion outside the house were great, inconceivably greater was that within; little did I then suspect the immediate cause of it. Daly had told me, I thought as a joke, that our noble hostess proposed having a cow deposited in a sort of arbour at the top of the first flight of stairs, in which one of the sweetest girls that ever lived was to be discovered in the costume of a milk-maid, supposed to be employed in her rustic vocation, while the company were to be perpetually refreshed with syllabubs, imaginatively connected from the produce of her toil.

When we reached the hall, we might as well have had no tickets; we found all the servants and several of the male visitors engaged in one general action—screams above were responded to by shouts below, in the midst of which I observed two butchers, in their ordinary costume, assiduously employed in the divided task of coaxing and kicking a huge bullock down the flight of stairs, at the top of which was the dairy-maid's bower—the more they roared, the more they coaxed, and the more they kicked, the less would the bullock stir, and it was not until the greatest skill, judgment, and magnanimity had been displayed, that the vast monster was got out of the street-door; when, as if angry at being expelled a scene where everything else was in character, and therefore out of it he made a sudden dash amongst the horses and carriages, to the infinite peril of panes, pannels, poles, perches, and platforms.

"Isn't that good fun?" said Daly to me: "now come along—this is the time for the macaroons—the labour we delight in physics pain;—see—watch—and mark the sequel."

I followed my friend up the staircase: we proceeded to the drawing-room, where a circle was formed round Lady Wolverhampton, who was expatiating in no measured terms upon the infamous conduct of the man who had promised to send her a nice, elegant, lady-like cow, to stand Hermione-like in the glass case by the side of the lovely milk-maid, but who, instead, had with great labour and difficulty squeezed a huge over-fed bullock into the place. The moment I heard the dear countess telling her story, a thought flashed across me—the butcher, to see whom Daly had been so anxious before dinner, was no doubt the traitorous cause of the mishap under the malign influence of the practical joker.

The scene was beautiful and gay—the variety of masks—the diversity of costume—the boisterous mirth of the Moll Flaggons, and Irish haymakers, flirting with delicate dis-away nuns, and aristocratic flower-girls—fat monks, dancing with Swiss peasants—knights in armour, lounging on sofas with Indian queens—Doctor Ollapod, in close conversation with Alexander the Great—and Caleb Quotem seriously arguing a point of etiquette with Henry the Fourth of France. It was all exceedingly fascinating and intoxicating, and the bull having been disposed of, harmony was restored—disturbed only by a shrill cry of "Macaroons—cakes—cakes—macaroons—who'll buy?—who'll buy?" I saw the fiend of fun approach. In an instant, as he had anticipated, an attack was made upon his basket, and everybody who wore a mask, in which eating was practicable, began consuming the fruits of their impetuosity. I dreaded the consequences, not only to the sufferers, but to Daly himself, who, if discovered, would of course be subject to all the serious penalties which such a trick must naturally entail upon him. Scarcely, however, had the distribution taken place, (long before the sickening effects could show themselves,) when I felt a sudden twitch at my elbow; I looked round, and saw a Spanish grandee close at my side. I was startled. I had never visited a masquerade before.

"Who are you?" said I.

"All the cakes are gone," whispered the mask; "so is the basket and cloak—I'm here;" it was of course Daly.

"Come with me," said he; "I will introduce you to Lady Wolverhampton;—it is quite prudent to do so. She will see my dress and yours, and then she can't suspect either of us of being the macaroon cake seller; take care and ingratiate yourself—make yourself amiable—she's as hospitable as an Arab, and not very unlike one—hem!"

I followed him, and found myself in a moment at the side of the countess.

"Countess," said he.

"Who are you?" said her ladyship.

"Mufti," whispered Daly.

"What, so smart, Daly!" said she: (Mufti being the mystic word by which he made himself known)—"a grandee?"

"Yes," said Daly. "This is my friend Gurney, of whom I have spoken—agreeable creature—sings like a syren—talks like a magpie—quite delightful."

"And I am delighted to make his acquaintance," said her ladyship.

I bowed.

"Unmask for a moment," said Daly; "let the countess see the 'human face divine,' else when her ladyship invites you to meet me at dinner here next Tuesday week, at seven o'clock, she may perhaps be disappointed."

"Don't mind him, Mr. Gurney," said her ladyship; "I shall be very glad to see you whenever you will do me the kindness to call. But, Daly, now tell me, had you no hand in the business of the bullock?"

"Bullock!" said Daly. "I! my dear lady."

Hereabouts the room began to thin—the dancers seemed particularly anxious to get fresh air—several persons were seen evidently much disordered, and the whole corps appeared in confusion.

"What's the matter now?" said Lady Wolverhampton.

"I don't know, my dear countess," said a very respectable old body, with a gold tissue turban on her head; "but Kate and Fanny are both taken unaccountably ill, and so is Lieutenant Griggs of the Life Guards, who was dancing with one of them; and as for poor Lady Elizabeth Grogan, I believe she is dying."

A new confusion here arose—the macaroons were evidently disagreeing with the company; however, only a small portion had been poisoned, and to my delight I found, that although a good many of both sexes were considerably damaged by their own anxiety to eat the things, there was still a magnificent crowd to carry on the affairs of the evening. In the midst of the *embarras*, which to the hostess was of course inexplicable, the arrival of a prince of the blood, who came unmasked, gave a new zest to the scene, and the delight which the countess experienced at his royal highness's appearance, rendered her wholly insensible to the indisposition of her numerous guests, who were labouring under the effects of Daly's performances.

Almost immediately after the countess had secured the conversation of his royal highness, who seated himself on an ottoman in a small circular room, and while he was graciously complimenting her upon the beauty of the scene, the candles by which it was lighted

began almost simultaneously to perform of themselves an operation called "guttering down," and then go out with a sort of unsatisfactory splash of wax—a result produced, as I afterwards discovered, by an ingenious device of Daly's. The consequence was, a nearly total eclipse, attended by an extremely unpleasant smell. Poor Lady Wolverhampton, who confided in Daly, called him to her, and mourning this new calamity, begged him to order fresh lights, which, with an air of subservient activity, he immediately did; but as he went, he whispered me to suggest to her ladyship the expediency of burning some sort of perfume in the circular room. The idea was instantly adopted by her ladyship, who, directing me to a beautiful fillagree box which lay on one of the tables, requested me to put three or four of the pastilles which it contained into a burner on the chimney-piece. I obeyed her ladyship's orders, and the instant I set light to them they exploded, and continued flashing and snapping and blazing till they were burned out, being neither more nor less than four "devils" or "wild fires," such as we were in the habit of making at school, and which, looking precisely like pastilles, some mischievous elf had deposited in the box instead of the real article. The result was, a considerable alarm, an abominable smell, and a smoke so thick that his royal highness was seized with a desperate fit of coughing, and all the windows were thrown open to dissipate the obscurity.

The moment the devils took fire, I was convinced that Daly was also the author of this affair—that he had made the exchange, and set me upon making the proposition, in order to bring his scheme into play. However, the rooms were cleaned and refrigerated—fresh candles were brought, things resumed their wonted gaiety, and Daly made his re-appearance.

I ought, perhaps, here to observe, that along the principal drawing-room, a canal, some three feet deep, had been constructed, with an embankment of moss, and coral, and shells, in which the much talked-of fish were destined to disport themselves, but by the time we got there their swimming had ceased—Daly had dosed them with *oculus indicus* just before he left the house in the afternoon, and when we arrived at night they were all floating on their backs, dead drunk from the effects of the deleterious drug.

It was now nearly two; and I—strange to say—felt very much disposed for supper. I asked my mentor whether such a meal was probable.

"Supper!" said Daly; "to be sure—it is the point of the epigram; the sugar after the physic—all regular sit down; hot soups—sung flirtations and fun! none of your stand-up absurdities."

One of the bands here struck up, "the

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"Roast Beef of Old England," as a signal that the much desired banquet was ready; and accordingly every eye sparkled, every heart beat, every body rushed forward, regardless of order, decorum, or decency, in the grand attack upon the countess' refection. The countess, however, having made proper arrangements, and knowing the eagerness of the best bred people upon this particular subject, had desired her house-steward to complete all the preparations for the supper destined for his royal highness and his select party in the circular tent room, immediately under the one in which he had been sitting, and where covers were laid for twenty; and as soon as all was ready, to bring her the key of the door, so that when she led the prince to the tent, she might open the little paradise to his view, and be sure that nobody else could make an attack upon the *sanctum*. According to order, everything was arranged, the tent lighted, and the key brought, the soups alone being to be served after the *élite* had taken their places.

Another dreadful mishap had occurred since we quitted the drawing-rooms, of which intelligence was brought us by common report; by which it really seemed as if Lady Wolverhampton had been that night marked out for the sport of fortune. Her ladyship, as it had been arranged, conducted the prince to the tent room—his royal highness giving her his arm, and leading the noble guests who had been favoured with a command to join the royal party. Arrived at the door of the pavilion, her ladyship applied the key, the lock willingly obeyed the appeal, the *battants* flew open, and disclosed the splendid supper-service of the late earl, making the circular table groan with its weight, and dazzling the eye with its magnificence; but what were the countess' feelings, when she beheld nothing in the golden dishes and vases but the remnants of a devoured feast—fragments of dissected fowls—ends of well-notched tongues—creams half demolished—jellies in trembling lumps—glasses scarce emptied, and bottles emptied quite—crusts of bread, with heads and tails of prawns scattered about upon the snowy cloth, and plates well used, piled upon each other in the middle of the once festive board!

The confusion of the countess was beyond description—the laughter of the prince beyond belief—to him it was a capital joke—to her ladyship, a serious evil: how it had occurred nobody could guess, for the door had been locked the moment everything was ready, and the key taken to her ladyship. Consternation reigned, and his royal highness had to re-ascend the stairs, and wait until the whole affair was re-arranged. Of course I was as ignorant as my neighbours of the cause of this calamity, and should have re-

mained so until now, had not Daly told me, in our way home, that having gone out into the garden in order to get rid of the Jew's dress and basket, where he deposited them, he found a band of Pandean minstrels, puffing their hearts out into their pipes, to which nobody listened, and being resolved, if possible, to destroy the royal monopoly in the tent room, to which he had not been invited, and which, although locked towards the lobby, opened on to the lawn, he directed the weary performers to go in at the window, which he set wide for the purpose, and get their supper; advising them by no means to call for anything that was not there already—to eat and drink what they could, to make as much haste as possible, and when they had done to lock the door on the outside, and throw the key into the two yards square pond, which in rainy weather served as a wet dock to her ladyship's pet swan. All of which instructions, it appeared, the said Pandceans followed to the very letter; and thus, to his infinite delight, caused that confusion in which his heart so wonderfully rejoiced.

The sun had superseded the lamps and candles—the decorations of the preceding night had lost their freshness; even the flowers were drooping—the lovely girls looked haggard, and the elderly ladies horrid—the rouge burnt blue on their cheeks, and there was not a curl in the whole community. Masks and character-dresses lay heaped in corners, disregarded; and people, in their own proper persons, were languidly praising the humours and delights of the party, listening, listlessly, for the announcement of the carriages which were to take them away;—the vapour of tea and coffee which were served, were the only refreshments of the *Nétri* scene, if I except the morning air, which some of the most venturesome of the girls dared to admit through the open windows, *malgré* the warnings of their more prudent mothers.

I soon found Daly, and we retired together—my head aching—my heart not easy—tired—worn out—and as much fatigued as if I had travelled a journey of two hundred miles.  
—Abridged from the *New Monthly Magazine*.

#### NEGRO QUARREL.

(From the "*Cruise of the Midge*," in *Blackwood's Magazine*.)

WE had several negroes amongst the Moonbeams, one of whom, a sail-maker, was busy close to where I lay, with his palm and needle, following his vocation, and mending a sail on deck—another black diamond, a sort of half-inch carpenter, was busy with some job abaft of him. I had often noticed before, the peculiar mode in which negroes quarrel. I would say that they did so very classically, after the model of Homer's heroes,

for instance, for they generally prelude their combats with long speeches—or perhaps it would be more correct to call their method the Socratic mode of fighting—as they commence and carry on with a series of questions, growing more and more stinging as they proceed, until a fight becomes unavoidable; as in the present case.

The origin of the dispute was rather complex. There was an Indian boy on board; and this lad, Lennox, with a spice of his original calling, had been in the habit of teaching to read and to learn a variety of infantile lessons, which he in turn took delight in retailing to the negroes; and there he is working away at this moment, reversing the order of things—the young teaching the old.

Palmneedle appears a very dull scholar, while Chip, I can perceive, is sharp enough, and takes delight in piquing Palmy. Chip says his lesson glibly. "Ah, daddy Chip, you shall make one parson by and by—quite cleber dis morning—so now, Palmneedle, come along," and Palmy also acquitted himself tolerably for some time.

"What you call hanimal hab four legs?" said Indio, in continuation of the lesson, and holding up four fingers.

"One cow," promptly rejoined Palmneedle, working away at the sail he was mending.

"Yes—to be sure! certainly one cow hab four legs; but what is de cow call?"

"Oh, some time Nancy, some time Juba."

"Stupid—I mean what you call ebery cow."

"How de debil should I sabe, Indio?"

"Because," said Indio, "I tell you dis morning already, one, tree, five time; but stop, I sall find one way to make you remember. How much feets you hab yourself surely you can tell me dat?"

"Two—I hab two feets—dere."

"Den, what is you call?"

"One quadruped. You tink I don't know dat?"

"One quadruped! ho, ho—I know you would say so—you say so yesterday—really you very mosh blockhead indeed—dat is what de cow is call, man. You!—why you is call one omnivorous biped widout fedder—dat is what you is call; and de reason, Massa Lennox tell me, is, because you nyam as mosh as ever you can get, and don't wear no fedder like one fowl—mind dat—you is one omnivorous biped." Here Chip began, I saw, to quiz Palmy also.

"Now, Massa Indio," said the former, "let me be coolmassa one leetle piece. I say, Palmy, it is find dat you hab two feets—dat you eats all you can grab," (*aside*), "your own and your neighbours"—(*then aloud*)—"dat you hab no fedders in your tail—and derefore you is call one *somniferous tripod*" (at least what he said sounded more like this

than any thing else). "Now, dere is dat ugly old one-foot-neger cookey" (the fellow was black as a sloe himself), "wid his wooden leg, what would you call *he*? tink well now; he only hab *one* leg, you know."

"One *unicorn*," said Palmy, after a pause, and scratching his woolly skull. But my laughter here put an end to the school, and was the innocent means of stirring up Palmy's wrath, who, mortified at perceiving that I considered the others had been quizzing him, was not long of endeavouring to work out his revenge. Slow as he might be at his learning, he was any thing but slow in this. Palmneedle now took the lead in the dialogue. "Chip," said Palmy, "enough of nonsense; so tell me how you lef de good old woman, your moder, eh?"

Chip, who was caulking his seam, laid down his caulking-iron and mallet, pulled up his sleeve, fidgeted with the waistband of his trousers, turned his quid, spit in his fist, and again commenced operations, grumbling out very gruffly, "my moder is dead." He had clearly taken offence, as Palmy evidently expected he would do; but *why* I could not divine. Palmy proceeded in his lesson of "teasing made easy."

"Nice old woman—sorry to hear dat." The rascal had known it, however, all along.

"Ah, now I remember; she was much swell when I last see him—and face bloat—Ah, I feared, for long time, she would take to nyam dirt at last."

"Who tell you so—who say my moder eat dirt?" cried Chip, deeply stung; for the greatest affront you can put on a negro, is to cast in his teeth either that he himself, or some of his near of kin, labour under that mysterious complaint, *mal d'estomac*.

"Oh, nobody," rejoined Palmy, with a careless toss of the head; "I only tought she look wery like it—glad to hear it was not so howsomedevery—but sertain she look wery mosh like it—you mos allow dat yourself, Chip?" The carpenter made no answer, but I could see it was working. Palmy now began to sing in great glee apparently, casting a wicked glance every now and then at his crony, who thundered away, rap, rap, rap, and thump, thump, thump, on the deck, paying the seam, as he shuffled along, with tobacco juice most copiously. At length he got up and passed forward. Palmy sang louder and louder.

"Come, mind you don't change your tune before long, my boy," said I to myself.

Chip now returned, carrying a pot of molten pitch in his hand. As he stepped over Palmy's leg, he spilt, by accident, of course, some of the hot fluid on his foot.

"Broder Palmneedle—broder Palmneedle—I am wery sorry; but it was one haxident, you know."

Palmy winced a little, but said nothing;

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and the master of the schooner coming on deck, sent Chip to stretch the sail in some particular way, and to hold it there, for the convenience of the sailmaker. Every thing remained quiet between them as long as the skipper was near, and I continued my reading; but very shortly, I heard symptoms of the scald operating on our sailmaker's temper, as the affront had done on the carpenter's.

Quoth Chip to Palmneedle, as he sat down on deck, and took hold of the sail, "Really hope I haven't burnt you, ater all, Palmneedle?"

"Oh, no, not at all," drawing in his scalded toe, however, as if he had got the gout in it.

"Quite glad of dat; but him do look swell a leetle, and de kin begin to peel off a bit. I am sorry to see."

"Oh, no," quoth Palmy again, quite cool, "no pain, none at all."

A pause—Palmy tries to continue his song, but in vain, and presently gives a loud screech as Chip, in turning over the clew of the sail roughly, brought the earring down crack on the parboiled toe. "What you mean by dat?"

"What! have I hurt you? Ah, poor fellow, I see I *have burnt* you now, ater all."

"I tell you I is not *burn*," sings out Palmy, holding his toe hard with one hand; "but don't you see you have nearly *broken* my foot? Why did you hit me, sir, wid de clew of dat heavy sail, sir, as if it had been one mallet? Did you do it o' propos?"

"Do it on purpose," rejoins Chip. "My eye! I drop it light, light—just so;" and here he thundered the iron earring down on the deck once more, missing the toe for the second time by a hairbreadth, and only through Palmy's activity in withdrawing it.

At this Palmy's pent-up wrath fairly exploded, and he smote Chip incontinently over the pate with his iron marine-spike, who returned with his wooden mallet, and the action then began in earnest—the combatants rolling over and over on the deck kicking, and spurring, and biting, and bucking each other with their heads like maniacs, or two monkeys in the hydrophobia, until the row attracted the attention of the rest of the crew, and they were separated.

### Notes of a Reader.

#### WHITE ANTS.

[An intelligent correspondent of the Geographical Society writes:—]

In Melville Island, the white ant rears its pyramidal dwelling to the height of seven or eight feet. It infests the houses, and destroys everything that comes in its way. These insects make their approach by forming an earthen gallery, under cover of which they advance in myriads, and commit terrible depredations. They cut through all bale

goods in our stores, such as canvass, blankets, shirts, trousers, and even shoes. They are so rapid in their operations, that I know instances where bales, containing two dozen of shirts each, each shirt packed one above the other, and placed on shelves four feet from the floor, and six inches from the wall, have been perforated through and through in twenty-four hours, notwithstanding that the storekeeper examined the bales every day, and that on the day previous to those discoveries, not an ant was to be seen in the store. But these insects do not confine their attacks to bale goods. They entered my cellar, and in a few days' time destroyed two dozen of claret; and during a period of four days, while one of the soldiers was in the hospital, they completely gutted his knapsack, which was hanging on a peg in the barrack-room, and contained all his necessities. They spread through it in all directions, and destroyed his shirts, trousers, stockings, jacket, shoes, and even razors. Of the latter, the blades were encased in rust, from the moisture, or viscus, which these insects carry along with them, and the horn handles were eaten through. In the course of three or four weeks, they also destroyed thirty pounds' worth of clothes, one government tent twenty feet long, three hundred feet of timber in the timber house, three ammunition boxes in the magazine, sixty-five pairs of trousers, and twenty-three smock-frocks in the engineer's store-house.

#### PICTURE-WRITING.

The picture-writing of the ancient Mexicans has also a decidedly Polynesian, Malayan, or Chinese aspect; and examples very similar to it occur among the South Sea Islands. "In the course of our tour around Hawaii," says the Reverend Mr. Ellis, in an Appendix to his valuable work entitled *Polynesian Researches*, "we met with a few specimens of what may perhaps be termed the first efforts of an uncivilized people towards the construction of a language of symbols. Along the southern coast, both on the east and west sides, we frequently saw a number of straight lines, semicircles, or concentric rings, with some rude imitations of the human figure, cut or carved in the compact rocks of lava. They did not appear to have been cut with an iron instrument, but with a stone hatchet; or a stone less frangible than the rock on which they were portrayed. On inquiry, we found that they had been made by former travellers, from a motive similar to that which induces a person to carve his initials on a stone or tree, or a traveller to record his name in an album,—to inform his successors that he had been there. When there were a number of concentric circles with a dot or mark in the centre, the dot signified a man; and the number of rings denoted the number



of the party which had circum-ambulated the island. When there was a ring, and a number of marks, it denoted the same; the number of marks showing of how many the party consisted; and the ring, that they had travelled completely round the island: but when there was only a semicircle, it denoted that they had returned after reaching the place where it was made. In some of the islands we have seen the outline of a fish portrayed in the same manner, to denote that one of that species or size had been taken near the spot: sometimes the dimensions of an exceedingly large fruit, &c., are marked in the same way."

#### CABOOL.

(From the recent *Travels of Messrs. Conolly and Burnes.*)

CABOOL is a noisy and bustling city; the great bazaar, or "Chouchut," is an elegant arcade nearly 600 feet long, and about thirty broad, divided into four equal parts. There are few such bazaars in the East, and one wonders at the silks, cloths, and goods, arrayed under its piazzas; and the quantity of dried fruits, grapes, pears, apples, quinces, and melons. In the poulterers' shops are snipes, ducks, partridges, plover, and other game. Each trade has its separate bazaar: there are booksellers and stationers; much of the paper is Russian, and of a blue colour. A white jelly strained from snow called "Falodeh," and blanched rhubarb called "Rhu-waah," are great favourites with the people. Few cook at home, and Cabool is famous for its kabobs or cooked meats. There are no wheeled carriages in the town; the streets are not very narrow, and are intersected with small covered aqueducts of clean water; they are kept in good order. The houses are built of sun-dried bricks and wood, few of them more than two stories high; the population is 60,000 souls. The Cabool river runs through the city, and is reported to have inundated it three different times. During rain there is not a dirtier place than Cabool. According to the natives, the city is 6,000 years old; it was once, with Ghizni, tributary to Bameean, but is now the capital over both; it is said to have been once named Zabool, hence the name of Zabolistan. It is a popular belief that when the devil was cast out of heaven, he fell in Cabool. There are not exactly traditions of Alexander here; but both Herat and Lahore are said to have been founded by slaves of that conqueror, called Heri (the old name of Herat) and Lahore. No coins were procured except a Cufic coin of Bokhara, 843 years old, and Lieutenant Burnes heard of one at the mint of the size and shape of a sparrow's egg: triangular and square coins are common; the latter belonging to the age of Akbar. A colony of Armenians, consisting of some

hundreds, were introduced into Cabool by Nadir and Ahmed Shah from Joolfa and Meshid in Persia, of whom only twenty-one persons are now remaining; and there are but three Jewish families out of one hundred which it could boast last year.

Cabool is 6,000 feet above the sea, and its gardens, which are all beautiful, were now in full blossom, and afforded a great variety of fruits and flowers. The people are passionately fond of sauntering about them. The climate of Cabool is genial. At noon the sun is hotter than in England, but the evenings and nights are cool; there is no regular rainy season. The snow lasts for five months in the winter, and the prevailing winds are from the north. Cabool is celebrated for its fruits, and they make a wine not unlike Madeira. The Bala Hissar, or citadel, is situated at the eastern extremity of the rocky hills which inclose the city to the south and west; it commands the city, but is not strong. It was built by different princes of the house of Timour from Baber downwards; the palace stands in it. Near it the Persians or Kuzzilbashies reside; they are Turks, principally of the tribe of Juwansheer, who were fixed in this country by Nadir Shah. During their stay, our travellers witnessed the festival of "Red," kept in commemoration of Abraham's intention to sacrifice his son Isaac, with every demonstration of respect. The tomb of Timour Shah, which stands outside the town, is a brick building of an octangular shape, fifty feet high, about forty feet square inside, and of an architecture resembling that of Delhi. The tomb of Baber also stands in the centre of a garden about a mile from the city; the grave is marked by two erect slabs of white marble, in front of which is a small but chaste mosque of marble also: near it are interred many of his wives and children.

#### THE TANNERS OF PALERMO, AND THE SICILIAN REVOLUTION OF 1820.

(Translated from a work recently published at Berlin, in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*.)

THE following is a detached scene of the revolution of 1820, as related to a traveller by a newspaper-writer of the liberalist or movement party, who seems to have escaped with no other infiction than the temporary, though indefinitely so, suppression of his opposition journal. But as the main interest of this particular scene turns upon quelling the pride of the Palermo tanners, we must begin with the narrator's account of that, and of them and their corporation:—

The corporation of tanners had, time out of mind, enjoyed great privileges at Palermo, and, during the tutelage of Ferdinand VII.,\*

\* We suppose this must be a mistake, for Ferdinand IV., both because he is the last king whose minority has subjected him to tutelage, and because there has been no Ferdinand VII. of the two Sic-

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had achieved an independence so complete as to form them really into a state within the state. Their quarter, *la Conciattoria*, (the Tannery,) which comprehends the very narrowest and filthiest streets, they had so strengthened, that it had repulsed many an attempt of the city *gens-d'armes*, or police, and even, as the narrator averred, of the bravest Neapolitan troops. Their banner floated on their guildhall, and the first alarm assembled the sturdy tanners around it. They were assessed at a fixed sum by the Government, which, for some years prior to 1830, had remained unpaid.

"During the revolution, the tanners were always foremost when murder and plunder were going on. The insurrection broke out at Naples, on the 1st of June, 1820; and, on the 15th of July, the Spanish constitution, (which had been adopted by the Neapolitan insurgents,) was proclaimed at Palermo. General Church, an Englishman, who took away several tricolor cockades from their wearers, was nearly torn in pieces by the populace: General Coglitore, who threw himself before him, rescued him with great difficulty, thus enabling the detested foreigner to embark for Naples. His house and property were burnt by the populace. On the 16th, General Naselli, commandant of Palermo, and an especial object of popular hatred, attempted to put down the disorder by force, but the tanners broke open the prisons, setting the prisoners at liberty: and now the soter, one Gioachimo Vaglica, a monk of Monreale, at their head, possessed themselves of several cannon. Naselli saw that he could make no stand against them, and fled to Naples. The people, left to themselves, committed the most revolting atrocities. The prisons were filled with soldiers and policemen; the offices of government were plundered and burnt; the money found in the treasury was distributed amongst the people. An artillery smith, who, to revenge his comrades, was spiking the guns, being detected, was beheaded; his hands were cut off, and, with his head, nailed up in the different quarters of the town. And now the ready way of getting rid of a private enemy was, slyly to slip a long nail or two into his pocket, and then to denounce him as a spiker of cannon, whereupon the infuriated mob instantly fell upon the accused wretch, and made an end of him.

The tanners now chose a Consul, Don Carlo Leone, who, under this title, for several weeks governed Palermo with absolute authority. The Prince of Jaci, whom the people seized, he sentenced to death, and the victim was instantly shot. Vainly did the aged Cardinal Gravina, and the Prince of

Villafranca, strive to soothe the multitude; the Prince's palace was plundered and burnt. Gradually the insurrection spread over the neighbouring districts. The arsenal was broken open, and 30,000 stand of arms distributed; but the peasantry understood the use of the knife better than that of fire-arms. Civil war raged in the streets of Palermo, where the tanners and the populace fought with the civic guard; 300 or 400 men were killed.

At length, General Pepe landed at Milazzo with 4,000 men, and marched upon Palermo. The Prince of Paternò, a martyr to the gout, which confined him to his couch, found means, nevertheless, to win the confidence of the people, and was authorized to negotiate with Pepe, to whom Palermo surrendered by capitulation upon the 5th of October. This capitulation the Neapolitan parliament refused to ratify, insisting upon unconditional submission; when Pepe, whose magnanimity upon this occasion is acknowledged even by the Sicilians, resigned his office, and returned to Naples. He was succeeded by General Coletta, who distinguished himself by his severity, and filled the prisons with new victims; but the tanners were beyond his reach. They had assumed such a posture in the stronghold of their own quarter, which had become an asylum for all malefactors, that the Neapolitans durst attempt nothing against them. This lasted till May, 1821. Then the Austrians garrisoned Palermo; the tanners persevered in their contumacy, and their fellow-townsmen remained in the highest state of excitement, wondering whether the quiet Germans would let this handful of refractories take their own course, or would formally lay siege to the *Conciattoria*. They did neither. Two hours after midnight the Austrian commander sent several brigades of Tyrolese and Bohemian riflemen to surround the *Conciattoria*. Other troops, guided by the *gens-d'armes*, penetrated through the narrow streets and passages to the guildhall, and took possession of it without difficulty. Here and there a single shot was fired from the houses; but the tanners had now no rallying point, and were utterly unprepared for such unlooked-for, vigorous measures in the middle of the night; consequently, within a couple of hours, the Austrians were masters of every house in the *Conciattoria*. Abundance of arms and ammunition were found, and in the guildhall, even cannon, but without carriages. The worthy corporation of tanners was now assembled once more, but for the last time, in the guildhall; when it was notified to them that they must forthwith evacuate the *Conciattoria*, and establish themselves outside the town, but no where more than three in one place. Immediate obedience to this decree was enforced, and the reform of this

lies: the present king is Ferdinand V., or in revolutionary parlance, II., Ferdinand IV. having become Ferdinand I.—Ed. F. Q. R.

hitherto unknown region of the town followed. Numbers of crazy, old houses were pulled down; the streets were widened as much as might be, and military posts marked out. The majority of the houses remain to this day untenanted, and many are inhabited by *gens-d'armes* and their families.

Since this able and successful achievement, which has prodigiously raised the Austrians in general estimation, the town has been at peace, but the luckless tanners are become the established objects of universal ridicule; and any man who appears in the streets with head depressed and downcast eyes is at once set down for a tanner.

### The Gatherr.

**Charity Repaid.**—More than twenty years after the death of Dr. Boyce, the composer, his son, received a letter from an unknown person, requesting he would call on him immediately, having an important communication to make relative to his late father. He called upon the writer, in an obscure and dirty court in the heart of St. Giles's; where, in one of the most wretched rooms imaginable, up three pair of stairs, was an old man, on a miserable bed, in an apparent state of exhaustion, who addressed him as follows: "Sir, I have been a beggar nearly the whole of my life; and, during your good father's time, my station was in the street in which he lived; and, so kind and liberal was he to me, that few days passed without my receiving marks of his charity. I now feel that I am on my death-bed; and having been successful in my calling, I request you will accept the amount of my savings, as a token of my gratitude to your departed father." Mr. Boyce urged the possibility of his recovery; but, the old man added, with a faint smile, "If you will be kind enough to call here in three days from this, you will receive a parcel directed for you, which will be the last trouble I shall give you." He did call; and the beggar having died in the interim, left for him the parcel, in which, it is said, he found bank notes to the amount of 2,000*l*.

—*Parke's Musical Memoirs.*

**W. Farren's Shylock.**—For this character, though out of his usual line, Mr. Farren has a great desire, and frequently plays it for his benefit. He is not very portly now, but when he enacted Shylock at Birmingham, he was certainly one of Pharaoh's lean kine. The performance went pretty smoothly until Shylock says—

"The pound of flesh that I demand is mine,  
'Tis dearly bought, and I will have it!"—

when a fellow in the gallery called out, "Oh! let old skinny have the pound of flesh, you can see he wants it bad enough."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

**From the Cherry Valley Gazette, United States, May 7.**—A letter bearing the following inscription came to the Post-office in this village, on Sunday last. Any person claiming said letter can have it by paying the postage. It undoubtedly contains something of value.—

"Mistor Post mastur  
this is to gow tu cherry-vally  
for wo lives there but mi wife sally  
just 1 mile from captin rowel  
is the place that stands my hovel

P. Q. O. S. sally dont yu let no 1 se this letter  
except the neyborns and yurne and mi relatin and se  
forth Your husband in Buffalow  
Re Josua P. Scrip, Esquer, 1836

**Sudden and Mysterious Death.**—It is our painful duty to announce the death of the greatest personage in this country, whose weight of character was unequalled, and who was well known to be invulnerable to any shaft of malice that could be directed against him. He left this city on Wednesday last for a summer tour through the Eastern states, and died suddenly in his travelling carriage, in the vicinity of West Farms, in the county of Westchester. The individual we allude to, if indeed it can be necessary to be more explicit, is the colossal Rhinoceros, which was the pride and Magnanimous Apollo of the splendid Zoological Institute of this city. We understand this very rare and extraordinary animal was valued by his proprietors at 8,000 dollars; and we reluctantly add that his death is supposed to have been occasioned by poison.—*New York Enquirer*, April 11, 1836.

**Waltzing.**—At a ball lately in Richmond, U. S., a belle asked a country fellow who stood near her in a compact ring of four or five deep, gazing on a pair waltzing, "Pray, sir, how do you like the waltz?"—"Madam," said the quaint gentleman, "I like the hugin part very well; but I don't like the whirlin round—when it comes to hugin, I would like to stand still."

**Critique.**—The *New York Enquirer* says of a work under review: "We dare say it may have merits, but we have not the vanity to claim the merit of finding them."

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